



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
T. SMOLLETT, M. D.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

-----Who dar'd with manly rage
To lash the vices of an impious age?
Who dar'd to seize the bold historic pen,
Paint living kings and ministers as men?
Who sung sad scotia's hapless sons forlorn,
Her broken peace, her freshest laurels torn?
Or, who, in oaten reed by Leven's side,
Sung the fair stream, and hail'd the dimpling tide?
Say ye---whose lyre to manly numbers strung,
The glorious blis of *Independence* sung?
Who felt that power, and still ador'd his shrine?
It was your Smollett!-----
Richardson's Prologue 1784.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row
and sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.



BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

CONTAINING HIS
SATIR ES, SONGS,
ELEGIES, ODE TO INDEPENDENCE,
ODES, THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND,
 &c. &c. &c.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose looks sublime,
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
Ode to Independence.

London :
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
G. COOK

LIFE OF T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, an author whose writings will transmit his name with honour to posterity, was born in 1720, at a small village called Dalquhurn, within two miles of Cameron, on the banks of the Leven, in Scotland. He received a classical education, at the grammar school of Dunbarton, and was put apprentice to a surgeon in Glasgow, and afterwards attended the medical classes in Edinburgh; but left the university without taking a degree.

While he pursued his medical studies at Edinburgh, he wrote at the age of eighteen a tragedy founded on the story of the assassination of James I. of Scotland by his uncle Walter Stuart, Earl of Athol, in 1437. In 1739 he went to London, the great field of genius and exertion: but did not meet with that success which he expected would have been the result of the patronage of some literary friends, to whom he had been strongly recommended; so that his outset in life was in the capacity of a surgeon's mate in the navy.

It is said, and probably with some truth, that the chief incidents in the early part of his life were given to the public, in one of the first and best of his productions, the Novel of Roderic Random; however, whether that report is well founded or not, certain it is, that he was at the siege of Carthagen, and, in the beforementioned novel, he has given a faithful account of the management of that ill-conducted expedition, which he censures in the warmest terms, from circumstances which fell under his own particular observation; and he is supposed to have been the editor of 'A Compendium of authentic Voyages, digested in a Chronological Series,' 7 vol. 12mo. published in 1756; amongst which is inserted a short narrative of the expedition to Carthagen, in 1741: written with great spirit, but abounding with too much acrimony. By means of his acting in this capacity in the navy, he acquired his knowledge of sea characters, which he has drawn in so masterly a manner, and at the same time so correctly technical as to excite general

neral admiration, and afford a finished model for future novelists and dramatists to copy. His connection with the sea seems not to have had a long continuance, and it is probable, that he wrote several pieces before he became known to the public by his capital productions. The first piece we know of with certainty is *The Advice and Reproof*, a satire in two parts, printed first in the years 1746 and 1747, and since reprinted in the collection of his poetical pieces. About this period he wrote for Mr. Rich an opera, intituled *Alceste*, which has never been performed nor printed. The music to it was composed by Mr. Handel, who, finding that no use was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Mr. Dryden's lesser Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

In 1747 he presented his tragedy of the *Regicide*, for performance at Drury Lane Theatre, and experienced that treatment which young authors frequently meet with from theatrical managers and affected patrons; for after being buoyed up and flattered for a considerable time, his play was finally neglected. In the preface to the publication of this piece, by subscription, in the year 1749, he bitterly exclaimed against false patrons, and the duplicity of theatrical managers. He tells us that his 'Tragedy with some recommendations from his literary friends, was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows, who are sometimes called great men, and like other orphans, neglected accordingly.'

'Stung with resentment,' he adds, 'at what I took for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron, consoling myself with the barren praises of a few associates, who in the most indefatigable manner employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters, observations on my piece, which in consequence of these suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.'—The warmth and impetuosity of his temper hurried him, on this occasion, into unjust reflections against the late Lord Lyttleton, and Mr. David Garrick; the character of the former he satirized in his novel of *Peregrine Pickle*, and he added a burlesque of the *Monody* written by that Nobleman on the death of his Lady. Against Mr. Garrick he made illiberal, ill-founded criticisms, and, in his *Novel of Roderick Random*, gave
a very

a very unfair representation of his treatment of him respecting this tragedy. Of this conduct he afterwards repented, and acknowledged his errors, though in the subsequent editions of the novel, the passages, which were the hasty effusions of disappointment, are not, as we think they should have been, omitted. Desirous, however, of 'doing justice in a work of truth, for wrongs done in a work of fiction,' (to use his own expression) in giving a sketch of the liberal arts in his History of England, he remarked, 'the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression.'

'Candidates for literary fame appeared, even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense, and extensive erudition of a Corke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a Lyttleton.'

Not satisfied with this public declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Mr. Garrick;

'DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, Jan. 27, 1762.

'I this morning received your Winter's Tale, and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention. What I have said of Mr. Garrick, in the History of England was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will I think have done no more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it was a duty incumbent on me in particular to make a public atonement in a work of truth, for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.'

'Among the other inconveniences arising from ill-health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good will, and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your private conversation, as well as from the public exertion of your talents; but, sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the

consciousness of standing well in your opinion will ever afford singular satisfaction to,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

In the year 1748 he published his Novel of Roderic Random, a book which continues to have a most extraordinary sale, and first established the Doctor's reputation. All the first volume and the beginning of the second, appear to consist of real incident and character. The Judge, his grandfather; Crab and Potion, the two apothecaries; and 'Squire Gawky, were characters well known in that part of the kingdom where the scene was laid. Captains Oakhum and Whiffle, Doctors Mackshane and Morgan, were also said to be real personages; but their names we have never learned, or have now forgotten. A bookbinder and barber long eagerly contended for being shadowed under the name of Strap; but their names are now forgotten.

By the publication of that work, the Doctor had acquired so great a reputation, that henceforth a certain degree of success was insured to every thing known or suspected to proceed from his hand. In the year 1751 the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* appeared; a work of great ingenuity and contrivance, in which he introduced the history of the celebrated Lady Vane, the materials of which, it is said she herself furnished. This excited much attention, and contributed greatly to its success. Lady Vane was deemed the finest minuet dancer in England; and in personal charms and accomplishments, inferior to no woman who has appeared in the eighteenth century. To the fate of this lady, Dr. Johnson has a striking allusion in his 'Vanity of Human Wishes.'

'Yet *Vane* could tell what ills from beauty spring,
'And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.'

About this time our author having obtained the degree of Doctor in Physic, settled as a practitioner at Bath, and with that view, wrote and published several treatises on medical subjects; but having been unsuccessful, or from the nature of his disposition too soon discouraged; he relinquished the practice of physic, took a house at Chelsea, and gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits.

His want of success in the practice of physic, has been imputed

imputed to his failing to render himself agreeable to the women, whose favour is certainly of great consequence to all candidates for eminence, whether in medicine or divinity. This however, is rather extraordinary, as he was remarkably graceful in his person, and there was a certain dignity in his air and manner which could not but attract respect. Perhaps his irritable and impatient temper, and his contempt for the low arts of finesse, servility, and cunning were the real cause of his failure.

His *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* in one volume 12mo. appeared in 1753. In the dedication to Doctor S—— he has some remarks upon himself, and points out the utility of exposing vice and folly under fictitious characters, to ridicule and shame, by very appropriate arguments and great force of reason. In 1755 he published a new translation of *Don Quixote*; it was undertaken upon the encouraging prospect of a subscription, and executed as some critics suppose with a very superficial knowledge of the Spanish language, 'a circumstance which exposed him to very rigid censure, and it is said even to a personal attack.'

In the year 1756 he set on foot the *Critical Review*, and continued the principal manager of it, till he went abroad for the first time, in the year 1763. To speak impartially, he was, perhaps, too acrimonious sometimes in the conduct of that work, and at the same time too severe, and displayed too much sensibility when any of the unfortunate authors whose works he had, it may be, justly censured, attempted to retaliate.

Among other controversies, which his engagements in this publication involved him in, the most material in its consequences was that which was occasioned by his remarks on a pamphlet published by Admiral Knowles. That gentleman, in defence of his conduct, on the expedition to Rochfort, published a vindication of himself, which, falling under the Doctor's examination, produced some very severe strictures both on the performance, as well as on the character of the writer of it. The Admiral immediately commenced a prosecution against the printer; declaring, at the same time, that he desired only to be informed who the writer was, that, if he proved to be a gentleman, he might obtain the satisfaction of one from him. In this affair the Doctor behaved both with pru-

dence and with spirit. Desirous of compromising the dispute with the Admiral in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr. Wilkes, to interpose his good offices with his opponent, in the following letter :

DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, March 24, 1759.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.—Your generosity with respect to Johnson (Mr. Wilkes, at the intercession of Dr. Smollett, had procured the liberty of Dr. Johnson's servant, Francis Barber, a black man, who had been impressed,) shall be the theme of our applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud to find myself comprehended in your league offensive and defensive; nay, I consider myself already as a contracting party, and have recourse to the assistance of my allies. It is not, I believe, unknown to you, that Admiral Knowles has taken exception at a paragraph in the Critical Review of last May, and commenced a prosecution against the printer. Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we shall infallibly be exposed to a considerable expence, and therefore I wish to see the prosecution quashed. Some gentlemen, who are my friends, have undertaken to find out, and talk with those who are supposed to have influence with the said Admiral: may I beg the same favour of you and your friends? The trial will come on in the beginning of May, and, if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend to kick up a dust, and die hard. In a word, if that foolish Admiral has any regard to his own character, he will be quiet, rather than provoke farther the resentment of,

Dear Sir, &c.

T. SMOLLETT.

The Admiral continued inflexible; and just as sentence was going to be pronounced against the printer, the Doctor came into court, avowed himself the author of the strictures, and declared himself ready to give Mr. Knowles any satisfaction he chose. The Admiral immediately commenced a fresh action against the Doctor, who was found guilty, fined 100l. and condemned to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench.

From the commencement of the Review, Dr. Smollett was always considered as the author of it; and by this means he became frequently censured on account of articles in which he had no concern.

Many disputes arose with different writers, who considered themselves injured by the severity of the Doctor's criticisms;

ticisms; indeed, it may be affirmed, that seldom a month passed without a complaint on that head, and those not often couched in the most decent terms.

On the publication of the *Rosciad*, Churchill, the author, considering himself and some of his friends, as very injuriously treated in the Review of that work; and imagining Dr. Smollett the author of the offensive article, retorted with great spirit, in his excellent poem, intituled, *An Apology to the Critical Reviewers*, in the following lines;

‘ Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry Heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish’d a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail’d the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary *Fielding* bite the ground,
So nobler *Pickle* stand superbly bound.
From *Livy*’s temples tear th’ historic crown
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.’

It appears, however, he was mistaken in his suspicion; for Dr. Smollett hearing that Mr. Colman had also accused him of having made an attack on his moral character in the Review, the Doctor exculpated himself in a letter to Mr. Garrick, in which he declares, ‘ that he did not write one word of the article upon the *Rosciad*.’

In the year 1757, Dr. Smollett’s Comedy of the *Reprisals* or *The Tars of Old England*, an after-piece of two acts, was performed at Drury-lane Theatre. He acknowledged himself ‘ highly obliged for the friendly care Mr. G. exerted, in preparing it for the stage; and still more, for his acting the part of Lusignan, in *Zara*, for his benefit, on the sixth, instead of the ninth night, to which he was only entitled by the custom of the theatre.’ Being informed attempts had been made to embroil him on this occasion with Mr. Garrick, he wrote to that Gentleman;

‘ SIR,

Understanding from Mr. Derrick that some officious people have circulated reports in my name, with a view to prejudice me in your opinion. I, in justice to myself, take the liberty to assure you, that if any person accuses me of having spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Garrick, of having hinted that he solicited for my farce, or had interested views

views in bringing it upon the stage, he does me wrong. Upon the word of a gentleman, the imputation is altogether false and malicious. Exclusive of other considerations, I could not be such an idiot to talk in that strain when my own interest so immediately required a different sort of conduct. Perhaps the same insidious methods have been taken to inflame former animosities, which, on my part, are forgotten and self condemned. I must own you have acted in the affair of the farce with that candour, openness, and cordiality, which even mortify my pride while they lay me under the most sensible obligation! and I shall not rest satisfied until I have an opportunity to convince Mr. Garrick that my gratitude is at least as warm as any other of my passions. Meanwhile I profess myself,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

In 1758, he published his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*. Though this elaborate work is said to have been composed and prepared for the press in the short space of fourteen months, to which the author might have been impelled by his necessities; it evinces astonishing powers of mind as well as most indefatigable application. Its sale by the uncommon arts of publication used by the booksellers, was remarkably extensive; the author is said to have cleared 2000*l.* by it and the Continuation, in five volumes, octavo, in 1763 and 1765.

He is supposed to have written during his confinement in the King's Bench, the novel of *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, in which he has described some remarkable characters, then his fellow-prisoners. This work was first printed in the *British Magazine*, which he conducted in 1760 and 1761, and afterwards in two volumes duodecimo, 1762.

In the year 1762, Lord Bute took the reins of Government into his hands. His promotion was attended with unpopular measures; great dissatisfaction arose amongst many orders of men, and his Lordship found it necessary to employ some able writers to palliate and defend the steps which had led to his advancement. Amongst others Dr. Smollett was pitched upon, and he entered on the task appointed for him with great spirit. In defence of his patron, he immediately began a weekly paper, which he called

The

The Briton. The first number made its appearance on the 29th of May, 1762, and was immediately followed by the publication of the North Briton, which, in the end, entirely routed its antagonist, and dissolved the friendship that had long subsisted between the authors of the respective performances. The Briton continued to be published until the 12th of February, 1763, when it was laid down; and very soon after, the person, in whose defence it was set on foot, finding the stream of popular discontent too strong to be resisted, relinquished the post which had excited so much envy and clamour, and, on his resignation, it is said, entirely neglected all the persons whom he had employed to write for him. Two months before the first number appeared, Smollett wrote the following letter to Mr. Wilkes, dated Chelsea, March 28, 1762.

‘ My warmest regard, affection, and attachment, you have long ago secured. My secrecy you may depend upon. When I presume to differ from you in any point of opinion, I shall always do it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill these three months, but hope soon to be in a condition to pay my respects to Mr. Wilkes in person. Meanwhile I must beg to trouble him with another packet, which he will be so good as to correct at his leisure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of spirits, and proceed through life with a flowing sail of prosperity, is the wish, and the hope, and the confident expectation of, &c.’ Besides the Briton, Dr. Smollett is supposed to have written other pieces in support of the cause he espoused.

The neglect of his patron made a deep impression on his mind, and this, united to a sedentary life and assiduous application to study, having impaired his health, he went abroad with a view to re-establish it in the month of June, 1763, and continued in France and Italy two years. He wrote an account of his travels, in a series of letters to some friends, which were afterwards published in two volumes, octavo, 1766. In the first letter he assigns the following motives for undertaking his journey to the Continent: ‘ In gratifying your curiosity, I shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours, which, without some such employment, would be rendered unsupportable by distemper and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situation, traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was
not

not in the power of fortune to repair.' By this domestic calamity he means the loss of his only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the tenderest affection. In the course of his travels, he appears to have laboured under a perpetual depression of spirits, which subjected him to many and grievous bodily afflictions.

To this cynical relation of his Travels, Mr. Sterne is supposed to allude, in the following passage of his *Sentimental Journey*, vol. I. p. 80. 'The learned Smelfungus travelled from Bologna to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by, was discoloured and distorted—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.—Met Smelfungus in the Grand Portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it.—“It is nothing but a huge cock-pit,” said he.—“I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis,”—replied I—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the Goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature—I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures had he to tell, wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi—He had been flayed alive, and bedevilled, and worse used than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at.—“I'll tell it,” cried Smelfungus, “to the world.”——“You had better tell it,” said I, “to your physician.”

In 1769 he again embarked in political controversy, and published his *Adventures of an Atom*, a political romance, in two volumes, duodecimo, exhibiting under fictitious characters, the conduct and dissensions of the several political parties in Great Britain, from the commencement of the French war in 1754, to the dissolution of Lord Chatham's administration in 1768. He seems in this work to have relaxed in his attachment to Lord Bute, as much as he did in the *Continuation of his History* to Lord Chatham; indeed he had been equally disappointed in his expectation of patronage from those two noblemen; a circumstance which has a wonderful influence on the pens of political writers.

In 1770, finding his health still in a declining state, he went to Scotland, hoping that exercise and his native air would

would restore him to his former vigour; but in this, as in many other expectations, he was disappointed.

In 1771, soon after his return from Scotland, he published *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, in three volumes, duodecimo; a work which met with the most favourable reception from the public; but still finding his health continuing to decline, and meeting with fresh mortifications and disappointments, he went back to Italy, and died near Leghorn, October the 21st, 1771. Since his death, a monument hath been erected to his memory near Leghorn, on which is inscribed an epitaph, written in Latin by his friend Dr. Armstrong, author of *The Art of Preserving Health*, and many other excellent pieces; the following is a translation of the epitaph:

Here
Rest the remains
of
TOBIAS SMOLLETT,
A North Briton,
Who, sprung
From an ancient and respectable family,
Shone forth an example
Of the virtues of former times.
Of an ingenuous countenance,
And manly make.
With a breast animated by the justest spirit,
He was eminently distinguished
For great benevolence of temper,
And a generosity even beyond his fortune.
His wit had every character
Of fertile inventiveness,
Of true pleasantry,
Of flexibility to every subject,
From his aptness and wonderful capacity
For every kind of learning.
The exercise of these talents
Produced a variety of pleasing fictions, in which
With great exuberance of fancy
And true humour,
He laughed at and described
The lives and manners of men,
While
(Shameful to relate!)

This

This genius,
 This honour to his country,
 Met with nothing
 In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times,
 But what was unfavourable to him;
 Except indeed
 Their abundance of supply to his pen
 Of matter of satire;
 Times!
 In which
 Hardly any literary merit
 But such as was in the most false or futile taste
 Received encouragement
 From the paltry mock Mecænaces of Britain!
 In honor to the memory
 Of this most worthy and amiable
 Member of Society,
 Sincerely regretted by many friends,
 This monument
 Was by his much beloved and affectionate wife,
 Dutifully and deservedly
 Consecrated.

Farther to perpetuate the memory of this celebrated
 writer, a pillar has been erected in 1774, on the banks
 of the Leven, near the spot where he was born, by his
 cousin James Smollet, Esq. of Bonhill. It was written in
 Latin. The following is a translation.

Stay traveller,
 If elegance of taste and wit,
 If fertility of genius,
 And an unrivalled talent
 In delineating the characters of mankind,
 Have ever attracted thy admiration,
 Pause awhile
 On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.
 One more than commonly endued with those virtues
 Which in a man and a citizen
 You would praise or imitate.
 Who,
 Having secured the applause
 Of posterity,
 By a variety of literary abilities,
 And a peculiar felicity of composition,

Was,

Was,

By a rapid and cruel distemper,
Snatched from this world in the 51st year of his age.

Far alas! from his country,
He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy.
In testimony of his many and great virtues,

This empty monument,
The only pledge, alas! of his affection,
Is erected

On the banks of the Leven,
The scene of his birth and of his latest poetry,

By JAMES SMOLLETT, of Bonhill,
His cousin;

Who should rather have expected this last tribute from him.

Go, and remember

This honour was not given alone to the memory of the
Deceased, but for the encouragement of others:

Deserve like him, and be alike rewarded.

Some time after his decease, his name was affixed to a Translation of *Telemachus*, in two volumes, duodecimo, and to a Translation of *Gil Blas*, in four volumes, duodecimo. A Translation of Voltaire's Works, published in twenty-seven volumes, octavo, in 1763, also bore his name in conjunction with that of Dr. Franklin; but it is known that he contributed very little to that elaborate work. He had devoted much time in the latter part of his life, to the preparation of a new edition of the *Ancient and Modern Universal History*, and had written himself for that great undertaking, the *History of France, Italy, and Germany*. In fine, he was concerned in a multiplicity of literary productions, to which his name was not affixed.

A review of the domestic life of our Author will not afford much pleasure to a benevolent mind. He married Miss Lascelles, a lady from Jamaica, by whom he had a daughter, whose premature death made such an indelible impression on him, as no time nor circumstance could efface. At his death he left behind him a widow in embarrassed circumstances, and in a foreign country. But a respect for his memory, called forth the exertions of benevolence, to relieve her from some temporary distress. The Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* was performed at the *Theatre Royal, Edinburgh*, March 3d, 1784, for her benefit, and the money remitted to Italy. To attract the public curiosity, and add

to the receipts, Houston Stewart Nicholson, Esq. generously undertook the part of Pierre, and the following Prologue, attributed to the pen of Professor Richardson of Glasgow, author of *Poems, chiefly Rural*, and other elegant productions, was spoken by Mr. Woods:

Though letter'd Rome, and polish'd Greece could boast
The splendid table and the courteous host—
The rites to strangers due—Though poets sing
This mighty warrior, or that powerful king,
The wanderer's friend;—yet still, whate'er is told
By modern poets, or by bards of old,
Is rivall'd here;—for here, with joy we see
The heart-felt bliss of heav'nly charity!
See her with rapture spread her willing hands,
And throw her blessings into foreign lands;
Dry up the tear she never saw to flow,
And eager catch the distant sigh of woe;
In vain seas swell, and mountains rise in vain,—
A widow's groans are heard across the main.

A widow now!—Alas! how chang'd the day!—
Once the Narcissa* of our poet's lay;
Now, fatal change! (of ev'ry bliss bereft,
Nor child, nor friend, nor kind protector left)
Spreads on a distant shore her scanty board,
And humbly takes what strangers can afford.
Yet link'd to you by ev'ry tender tie,
To you she lifts the long dejected eye;
And thus she speaks:—"Who dar'd with manly rage,
To lash the vices of an impious age? †
Who dar'd to seize the bold historic pen,
Paint living kings, and ministers as men? ‡
Who sung sad Scotia's hapless sons forlorn,
Her broken peace, her freshest laurels torn, §
Or who, on oaten reed by Leven's side,
Sung the fair stream, and hail'd the dimpling tide? ||
Or who?—say he, for such, I'm sure are here,
Whose honest bosoms never yet knew fear;

* Her fictitious name in Roderic Random.

† Advice and Reproof, a Satire.

‡ The History of England.

§ Ode, "Mourn hapless Caledonia, mourn."

|| Ode to Leven Water.

Sons of the north, who stem corruption's tide,
 Your country's honour, and your nation's pride,—
Lords of the lion heart and eagle eye,
 Who heed no storm that howls along the sky,—
 Say ye—Whose lyre to manly numbers strung,
 The glorious bliss of independence sung?
 Who felt that pow'r and still adorn'd his shrine?—
 It was your SMOLLETT! Oh! he once was mine.”
 Tears stopp'd her utterance, else she would have said
 “Like him be bold, in virtue undismay'd;
 Let independence all your actions guide,
 Your surest patron and your noblest pride.”

His *Plays* and *Poems* were collected and published by T. Evans, in one volume, octavo, 1784. His *History of England* has undergone several editions, as likewise his *Continuation, as a Supplement to Hume* from the Revolution to the Death of George II. The editions through which his novels, particularly *Roderic Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, have passed, are too numerous to be specified. His *Miscellaneous Works* were collected by Mr. David Ramsay, printer, of Edinburgh, a man of acute discernment and sound judgment in literary productions. He published the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, in six volumes, octavo, with humorous frontispieces by Rowlandson, in 1790. The latest editions of some of our Author's works have undergone several alterations.

The character of Smollett, though with some degree of that partiality which is inseparably annexed to friendship, has been drawn and not inaccurately, in the epitaph on his monument near Leghorn, by his friend Armstrong, and also in the inscription on the pillar erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven. He has also introduced his own character in the dedication of *Count Fathom*. His manner of living is described in *Humphrey Clinker*, where young Melford is supposed to dine with him at his house in Chelsea.

‘He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill. I was civilly received, in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened into a very pleasant garden, kept in order; and indeed, I saw none of the
 B 2 outward

outward signs of authorship either in the house or the landlord, who is one of the few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation without patrimony and above dependence. By all account S—— is not without weakness and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find that there is any thing overbearing in his disposition.'——

Having given the outlines of the character of our Author, as drawn by his encomiasts on the monuments erected to his memory; and by himself in one of his novels; we shall present our readers with an ample detail of the same, with strictures on his writings from the pen of the learned and judicious Dr. Anderson, who has done the greatest justice to Smollett, and the highest honour to his own candour and liberality.

'In his person and manners,' (says this biographer) 'Smollett was fashioned to prepossess all men in his favor. His figure was graceful and handsome, and in his air and manner there was a certain dignity which commanded respect, joined with a benignity that inspired affection. With the most polished manners and finest address, he possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character without pride or haughtiness. His general behaviour bore the genuine stamp of true politeness, the result of an overflowing humanity and goodness of heart. He was a man of upright principles and of great and extensive benevolence. He not only embraced, but sought and created occasions of doing good. He was the reliever of the distressed, the protector of the helpless, and the encourager of merit. His conversation was sprightly and agreeable. In the domestic relations, his conduct was tender, affectionate, and exemplary. In his opinions of mankind he was candid and liberal. To those who were above him, he allowed the due superiority. To his equals and inferiors, he behaved with ease and affability, without the insolence of familiarity, or the parade of condescension. With his amiable qualities and agreeable manners he united courage and independence.

'In the declaration of his opinions, he was open; in his actions he was intrepid. No danger could prevent him from saying or doing those things which he conceived in themselves to be right, and in their consequences to be useful to his friends, or to his country. He had been bred a Tory, and generally adhered to the principles of that party; but

but he had a sincere love for his country, and a diffusive benevolence for the whole human race. His experience in the world inflamed his hatred against vice and corruption in proportion to his love of virtue and zeal for the public good, and he thought it no violation of charity to stigmatize vice, profligacy, and hypocrisy. But in support of persons and measures, he sometimes only considered the persons and measures, without taking other objects and relations into the account. He was more frequently influenced by personal attachment, and hurried on by present impulse, than guided by comparative views of real advantage, examined by impartial reason. His opposition to the great, often, in its warmth, exceeded the importance of the object. He was occasionally misled by a heated imagination, strong resentments, and the mortification of disappointed hopes, into bitterness and party virulence, long kept alive by the indecent and irritating provocations of triumphant adversaries.

‘ Under these impressions his descriptions as an historian were often distorted, and his decisions as a critic on the literary productions of some of his contemporaries, were sometimes unwarrantably warped by narrow prejudice, and expressed in the harsh terms of coarse contempt. Whatever end he pursued, he followed it with an eagerness that was not necessary to compass it. The defects in his temperament, natural or habitual, made him unprosperous and unhappy. His sensibility was too ardent; his passions were too easily moved. His candour frequently became credulity; his liberality often subjected him to deception. His favors were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance; not so much for want of discernment, as want of resolution, for he had not fortitude to resist the importunity of even the most worthless. In friendship he was ardent and steady; but in the latter part of his life, he sometimes very feelingly bewailed the treachery and perfidy he had experienced, in consequence of the mistaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be exposed.’

‘ As he was warm in his friendship, so was he implacable in his resentment. Having been treated with repeated insults by a man whose name was Peter Gordon, he was provoked to chastise him in such a manner, as induced him to commence a prosecution against him in the Court

of King's Bench for an intended assassination. Of the charge he was honourably acquitted by the verdict of the Jury. The Honourable Hume Campbell, a barrister of the first eminence in that day, who was retained in behalf of the prosecutor, having treated our author with much sarcastic severity in opening the cause; he drew up the following "rough draught of a letter," demanding adequate reparation for the injurious treatment he had received at his hand, which he communicated to a friend with a note signifying his intention to send it to the barrister, provided it contained nothing actionable. It is not known whether it was sent to that gentleman, or whether he retracted what he said to Smollett's prejudice. We give it however, in this place, not only as it shews his sentiments concerning Mr. Hume Campbell, a celebrated counsellor and parliamentary orator of that time, but as it exhibits in a very striking light some of the leading features of his own character.

"I have waited several days in hope of receiving from you an acknowledgment, touching those harsh, unjustifiable, (and let me add) unmannerly expressions, which you annexed to my name in the Court of King's Bench, when you opened the cause between me and Peter Gordon; and as I do not find that you have discovered the least inclination to retract what you said to my prejudice, I have taken this method to refresh your memory, and to demand such satisfaction as a gentleman injured as I am, has a right to claim."

"The business of a counsellor, is, I apprehend, to investigate the truth in behalf of his client; but surely he has no privilege to blacken and asperse the character of the other party, without any regard to veracity or decorum. That you assumed the unwarrantable privilege in commenting upon your brief, I believe you will not pretend to deny, when I remind you of those peculiar flowers of elocution which you poured forth on that notable occasion. First of all, in order to inspire the court with horror and contempt for the defendant, you gave the jury to understand that you did not know this Dr. Smollett, and indeed his character appeared in such a light from the facts contained in your brief, that you never should desire to know him.—I should be glad to know of what consequence it could be to the cause, whether you did or did not know the defendant,
or

or whether you had or had not an inclination to be acquainted with him?—Sir, this was a pitiful personality, calculated to depreciate the character of a gentleman to whom you was a stranger, merely to gratify the rancour and malice of an abandoned fellow, who had feed you to speak in his cause.—Did I ever seek your acquaintance or court your protection? I had been informed indeed that you was a lawyer of some reputation, and when the suit commenced, would have retained you for that reason, had I not been anticipated by the plaintiff; but, far from coveting your acquaintance, I never dreamed of exchanging a word with you on that or any other subject: you might therefore have spared your insidious declaration, until I had put it into your power to mortify me with a repulse, which, upon my honour, would never have been the case, were you a much greater man than you really are: yet this was not the only expedient you used to prepossess the jury against me. You was hardy enough to represent me as a person devoid of all humanity and remorse, as a barbarous ruffian, who in a cowardly manner, had, with two associates as barbarous as myself, called a peaceable gentleman out of his lodgings, and assaulted him in the dark with intent to murder. Such an horrid imputation, publicly fixed upon a person whose innocence you can hardly fail to know, is an outrage for which I believe, I might find reparation from the law itself, notwithstanding your artful manner of qualifying the expression by saying *provided the facts can be proved*. This low subterfuge may, for aught I know, screen you from a prosecution at law, but can never acquit you in that court which every man of honour holds in his own breast. I say you must know my innocence from the weakness of the evidence which you produced, and with which you either was or ought to have been previously acquainted, as well as from my general character, and that of my antagonist, which it was your duty to have learned.—I will venture to say, you did know my character, and in your heart believed me incapable of such brutality as you laid to my charge.—Surely I do not over-rate my own importance in affirming that I am not so obscure in life as to have escaped the notice of Mr. Hume Campbell, and I will be bold enough to challenge him and the whole world to prove one instance in which my integrity was called, or at least left in the question.

“Have

“ Have I not therefore reason to suppose that, in spite of your internal conviction, you undertook the cause of a wretch, whose ingratitude, villainy, and rancour, are, I firmly believe, without example in this kingdom; that you magnified a slight correction bestowed by his benefactor, into a deliberate and malicious scheme of assassination; and endeavoured with all the virulence of defamation, to destroy the character and even the life of an injured person, who, as well as yourself, is a gentleman by birth, education, and profession ?

“ After having sounded the trumpet of obloquy in your preamble, and tortured every circumstance of the plaintiff's evidence to my detriment and dishonour, you attempted to subject me to the ridicule of the court, by asking a question of my first witness, which had no more relation to the cause, than if you had desired to know the name of his grandmother.—What title had you to ask of a tradesman, if he knew me to be an author ? What affinity had this question with the circumstance of the assault ? Was not this foreign to the purpose ? Was it not impertinent, and proposed with a view to put me out of countenance, and to raise the laugh of the spectators at my expence ? There, indeed, you was disappointed, as you frequently are in those little digressive efforts by which you make yourself remarkable. Though I do not pretend to possess that superlative degree of effrontery, by which some people make a figure at the bar, I have assurance enough to stand the mention of my works without blushing, especially when I despise the taste, and scorn the principles of him, who would turn them to disgrace.

“ On the whole, you opened the trial with such hyperbolic impetuosity, and conducted it with such particular bitterness and rancour, that every body perceived you was more than ordinarily interested; and I could not divine the mysterious bond of union that attached you to Peter Gordon, Esq. until you furnished me with a key to the whole secret, by that strong emphasis with which you pronounced the words *Ferdinand Count Fathom*. Then I discovered the source of your goodwill towards me, which is no other than the history of a law-suit inserted in that performance, where the author takes occasion to observe, that the counsel behaved like men of consummate abilities in their profession; exerting themselves with equal industry, eloquence,

quence, and erudition, in their endeavours to perplex the truth, brow-beat the evidence, puzzle the judge, and mislead the jury.—Did any part of this character come home to your own conscience? or did you resent it as a sarcasm levelled at the whole bench without distinction? I take it for granted, this must have been the origin of your enmity to me, because I can recollect no other circumstance in my conduct, by which I could incur the displeasure of a man whom I scarce knew by sight, and with whom I never had the least dispute or indeed concern. If this was the case, you pay a very scurvy compliment to your own integrity; by fathering a character which is not applicable to any honest man, and give the world a handle to believe, that our courts of justice stand greatly in need of reformation.

“But whatever liberties of this kind are granted to the counsel, no sort of freedom, it seems, must be allowed to the evidence, who by the bye, are of much more consequence to the cause.—You will take upon you to divert the audience at the expence of a witness, by impertinent allusions to some part of his private character and affairs; but if he pretends to retort the joke, you insult, abuse, and bellow against him as an impudent fellow, who fails in his respect to the court. It was in this manner you behaved to my first witness, whom you first provoked into a passion by injurious insinuations, then you took advantage of the confusion which you had entailed upon him; and lastly, you insulted him as a person who had shuffled in his evidence. This might have been an irreparable injury to the character of a tradesman, had not he been luckily known to the whole jury, and many other persons in court, as a man of unquestioned probity and credit. Sir, a witness has as good a title as you have to the protection of the court, and ought to have more, because evidence is absolutely necessary for the investigation of truth, whereas the aim of a lawyer is often to involve it in doubt and obscurity. Is it for this purpose you so frequently deviate from the point, and endeavour to raise the mirth of the audience with flat jokes and insipid similies? or have you really so mistaken your own talents, as to set up for the character of a man of humour? For my own part, were I disposed to be merry, I should never desire a more pregnant subject for ridicule, than your own appearance and behaviour; but as I am at present in a very serious mood, I shall content myself with demanding
adequate

adequate reparation for the injurious treatment I have received at your hands; otherwise I will in four days put this letter in the press, and you shall hear in another manner—not from a ruffian and an assassin—but from an injured gentleman, who is not ashamed of subscribing himself," &c.

‘ In the practice of physic, for want of suppleness and perseverance, he was never eminent. As an author, he was not so successful as his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deserved. His connections were extensive, and his friends numerous and respectable. He was intimately acquainted with the most eminent of his poetical and literary contemporaries. He was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, wit, and learning: but never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favor or beneficence relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. Booksellers may be said to have been his only patrons, and from them he had constant employment in translating, compiling, and reviewing. No doubt he made a great deal of money by his writings; and had he been a rigid economist, and endued with the gift of retention, (to use his own expression) he might have lived and died very independent. But his difficulties whatever they were, proceeded not from ostentation or extravagance. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so; and his table was plentiful, but not extravagant; an irritable and impatient temper was his greatest failing; but making due allowance for a spirit wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant shafts of envy, dullness, and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man so respectable for the excellencies of his mind, or amiable for the virtues of his heart.—

‘ The predominant excellencies of his intellect, were fertility of invention, vigorous sense, brilliant fancy, and versatile humour. His understanding was quick and penetrating, his imagination was fertile, his memory retentive, and his humour original. He shews in his writing, that he was intimately acquainted with the Greek and Roman literature, and had studied with success the various branches of modern learning. He was well versed in the history and politics of Europe, and in the constitution of his country. The principal subject of his enquiry was, the human character; and in his literary career, the representation of life and manners his principal objects. Man he surveyed with the most accurate observation. His understanding, acute and vigorous,
was

was well fitted for diving into the human mind. His humour lively and versatile, could paint justly and agreeably what he saw. He possessed a rapid and clear conception, with an animated and graceful style. His observations on life and manners are commonly just, strong, and comprehensive; and his reasoning generally sound and conclusive. His perceptions of beauty are vivid and distinct, his feelings ardent, and his taste correct. His humour, though lively and pungent, is not, perhaps, equal in strength to that of Congreve, Swift, and Fielding. In chasteness and delicacy it must be admitted to be inferior to that of Addison, but equal in purity and moral tendency to that of his contemporary Fielding. It is keen, sprightly, variegated, and founded in truth. It exposes successfully, folly, hypocrisy, impropriety, and such vices as are the objects of ridicule. To trace the latent sources of human action, and to develop the various incongruities of conduct arising from them, was the favourite bent of his mind; as it was of *Theophrastus*, *Bruyere*, *Moliere*, *Fielding*, and others: And in describing objects of this kind, whether in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic composition, he is so peculiarly happy, that as an humorous and pleasant painter of life and manners, he has reflected the highest honour on the place of his nativity, and must ever be considered by his country, amongst the first of persons in literary reputation.

Smollett has distinguished himself as a translator, an historian, a novelist, a journalist of travels, a dramatist, and a poet, and must be acknowledged to have made a considerable addition to the general stock of elegant and useful literature.

As a translator, he has been censured, and particularly with respect to *Don Quixote*; which he seems to have anticipated, from the following *Advertisement* prefixed to the work; wherein he informs us, "that his aim in this undertaking was to maintain that ludicrous solemnity and self-importance, by which the inimitable *Cervantes* has distinguished the character of *Don Quixote*, without raising him to the insipid rank of a dry philosopher, or debasing him to the melancholy circumstances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preserve the native humour of Sancho Panza from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery; that he has endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the
literal

literal expressions of the original, from which, however, he has not so far deviated as to destroy the formality of idiom so peculiar to the Spaniards, and so essential to the character of the work; that the satire and propriety of many of the allusions which had been lost in the change of customs and the lapse of time, is restored in explanatory notes; and the whole conducted with that care and circumspection which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison."

Smollett's translation of *Don Quixote* has been put into a comparative view with the productions of *Jarvis* and *Motteux*. The version of Jarvis in the opinion of some critics, is more exact though less spirited and elegant. They admit that the genius of Smollett comes nearest to the great original, though it fails him in preserving the formality of the Spanish idiom. Motteux they think excels Smollett in this respect, though inferior to him in genius. That the reader may form a judgment of the comparative merits of *Motteux*, *Jarvis*, and *Smollett*, as translators of this inimitable work, we shall cite the comparison of the ingenious author of a work, entitled, *An Essay on the Principles of Translation*.

"*Smollett*," (says this writer) "inherited from nature a strong sense of ridicule, a great fund of original humour, and a happy versatility of talent, by which he could accommodate his style to almost every species of writing. He could adopt alternately the solemn, the lively, the sarcastic, the burlesque, and the vulgar. To these qualifications he joined an inventive genius and a vigorous imagination. As he possessed talents equal to the composition of original works of the same species with the novel of *Cervantes*, so it is not perhaps impossible to conceive a writer more completely qualified to give a perfect translation of that novel.

"*Motteux*, with no great abilities as an original, appears to me," (continues our essayist) "to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in the human character; a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expressions both of grave burlesque and of low humour. Inferior to *Smollett* in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality essentially requisite to a translator of *Don Quixote*. It may therefore be supposed, that the

the contest between them would be nearly equal, and the question of preference very difficult to be decided. It would have been so, had Smollett confided in his own strength, and bestowed on his task that time and labour which the length and difficulty of the work required; but Smollett too often wrote in such circumstances that dispatch was his primary object. He found various English translations at hand, which he judged might save him the labour of a new composition. *Jarvis* could give him faithfully the sense of his author: and it was necessary only to polish his asperities, and lighten his heavy and awkward phraseology. To contend with *Motteux*, Smollett found it necessary to assume the armour of *Jarvis*. This author has purposely avoided, through the whole of his work, the smallest coincidence of expression with *Motteux*, whom with equal presumption and injustice he accuses in his preface, of having 'taken his version wholly from the French.' We find, therefore, both in the translation of *Jarvis* and that of Smollett, that there is a studied rejection of the phraseology of *Motteux*. Now *Motteux*, though he has frequently assumed too great a licence, both in adding to and retrenching from the ideas of his original, has upon the whole, a very high degree of merit as a translator. In the adoption of corresponding idioms, he has been eminently fortunate; and, as in these there is no great latitude, he has in general preoccupied the appropriated phrases; so that a succeeding translator, who proceeded on the rule of invariably rejecting his phraseology, must have in general altered it for the worse. Such I have said, was the rule laid down by *Jarvis*, and by his copyist and improver Smollett, who by thus absurdly rejecting what his own judgment and taste must have approved, produced a composition decidedly inferior on the whole to that of *Motteux*." See Professor Tytler's *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, p. 178 to 184.

The learned, judicious, and candid biographer to whom we are indebted for the basis of these memoirs, observes on this subject, that 'it ought to be remembered that *Don Quixote* is the most difficult book in the world to translate, from the extreme frequency of its idiomatic phrases; that few even of the Spaniards of the present day, understand all its beauties, or can explain the obscurities which the lapse of time has occasioned; and to transfuse all the spirit of *Cervantes*, his fine humour, and the beauty of his numerous

allusions into a foreign language, is a task which a genius equal to that of the inimitable author himself could not perform without the same knowledge of the country and of the times in which he lived; including also the most extensive acquaintance with the language, idioms, customs, humorous expressions, provincial phrases, and proverbial sayings of the people from whom the translation is intended. Since, therefore, the best translation of *Don Quixote* we can look for, must be executed by a person possessed of a genius akin to the author, and chiefly qualified by books, a better than Smollett's cannot be expected in our language.'

Smollett as an historian possesses great merit. Considering the time and circumstances in which his *History of England* was written, it must be admitted to be a great effort of genius and application. When his history appeared, *Hume* had not produced his narrative of the earlier events of English history, and the works of *Carte* and *Brady*, *Oldmixon* and *Rapin*, were almost consigned to oblivion. The public were desirous of having a concise, faithful, but animated, History of England, and the production of Smollett comprising those ideas, was read with more pleasure and improvement than the tedious details of preceding writers. Without enlarging on matters which convey little information or entertainment, he has concentrated all the particulars that are important or instructive. In dignity of style and minuteness of philosophical disquisition, the superiority must be given to *Hume*; but in felicity of sentiment, beauty of description, and aptitude of expression, Smollett has not been excelled.

It has been remarked, with great justice, by his learned biographer, that 'in the pages of Smollett we do not find many applications of a philosophical enquiry to the investigation of facts as in those of *Thucydides* or *Xenophon* amongst the Grecian historians, *Sallust* or *Tacitus* amongst the Roman, or *Hume* and *Gibbon* amongst the British: But he has exhibited specimens of picturesque narrative and elegant expression, little inferior to the composition of *Livy* or *Robertson*.'

If his history is surveyed with an eye of discrimination, it will appear to have been in some instances rather an indigested performance, too ample for an abridgement and too concise for a history. There are in it many instances of
strong

strong prejudice, and glaring misrepresentations of facts, incompatible with the principles of liberty, and repugnant to the interests of mankind. His partiality for a party is glaring throughout the work, and in stating political controversy, he is not upon the whole either candid or unbiassed. In his narrative of the rebellion in 1745, he seems to have been actuated by an attachment not the most loyal, and to have attended rather to pathos in description, than truth in narration. In portraying characters which is generally admitted to have been his fort, he was more influenced by fancy than guided by truth. Upon the whole, his history, with some imperfections, has many considerations to recommend it, and particularly the style, which is nervous, clear, bold, and florid, and happily adapted to instruct, by keeping up the attention of the reader.

In his *Continuation* he has been less partial and prejudiced than in his *History*. In his account of Parliamentary Debates, he is very copious and highly interesting. In his animadversions on the bill for the relief of debtors, he has described the situation and feeling of a man of a susceptible mind, in language so pathetic, that a compassionate reader must shed tears of sympathy at every line. Indeed he is peculiarly happy in addressing the passions, and his historical productions upon the whole do credit to his abilities; but had they been composed with more deliberation, they would have approached much nearer to perfection.

As a novelist Smollett claims the highest rank, and may justly be put in competition with *Defoe*, *Richardson*, and *Fielding*, those great masters of poetic fiction. He has drawn the most natural pictures of life and manners, and exposed and ridiculed the vices and follies of mankind, with singular point and humour. His style is characterized by a remarkable appropriation of terms; his humour is sometimes broad and coarse, and he has exhibited scenes which might have a seductive influence with the young and inexperienced, who are not fortified against the force of bad examples. He has however marked those characters which are most injurious to society; and his writings, though objectionable in some instances, have upon the whole, a moral tendency, and will ever conduce to entertainment and instruction.

In his *Adventures of Roderic Random* he is peculiarly happy in representing the difficulties to which a friendless orphan is exposed from want of his own knowledge of the world,

and the envy and selfishness so generally prevalent with mankind. The low scenes in which the hero of the piece is involved, are described with infinite humour; and the display of the manners and passions in their natural features, stripped of the guise of affectation and ceremony, must have a powerful effect upon the sensible mind. Many of the characters, as *Gawkey*, *Strap*, *Crab*, *Potion*, *Oakhum*, *Whiffle*, *Mackshane*, and *Morgan*, are drawn from real life. The originals in the author's time, were known, pointed out, and were then, perhaps, more highly relished; yet the description will never cease to please while mankind figure in life in the same characters, and are actuated by the same passions and motives.

He seems to have enjoyed a singular pleasure in describing sea characters. His *Trunnion*, *Hatchway*, and *Pipes*, in *Peregrine Pickle*, are highly finished originals; but *Lieutenant Bowling* in *Roderic Random*, equals, if not surpasses, any character drawn by the happiest genius of ancient or modern times. It has been pronounced, with great truth and justice, to be nature itself, perfectly *original*, *unique*, and *sui generis*. The name has long become proverbial for an honest, blunt seaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world.

The *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* is a work of great merit and invention in the composition, and in which genuine humour and profound learning are so happily united, that it is difficult to determine which is predominant. It exhibits a well drawn picture of human life, which the thoughtless may view with advantage, and the prudent with self complacency. It traces the progress of headstrong passion from the wild mischievous boy, perverse and disobedient to his guardians, inciting a rebellion at school against the authority of his master, and afterwards through the prevalence of unbroken pride, and unbridled appetite, launching into every excess of vice, folly, and dissipation, wasting his substance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and at last pining in prison. In this wretched forlorn condition, detesting the world, abhorring himself, and loving Emilia to distraction, he protests to her brother, 'that he had broke off all connections with all mankind, and that he impatiently longed for the hour of his dissolution, which if it should not soon arrive by the course of nature, he was resolved to hasten with his own hands, rather than be exposed

posed to the contempt and more intolerable pity of a rascally world.'—Roused at length by the voice of friendship and again restored to affluence, he becomes duly impressed with a sense of his culpability and vicious imprudence, and attends to the discharge of the duty he owes to society and love; firmly persuaded, that after all the delusions of vice and allurements of wealth, real happiness is only to be found in temperate enjoyment, domestic tranquillity, and social virtue.

In this work the feast given by the *Republican Doctor* after the manner of the ancients, has infinite merit in the description. It is replete with humour and satire, which under the influence of tory principles, he directed with warmth against his whig-opponent, Akenfide. In some parts of this novel, he has been censured, as low, scurrilous, and immoral; but it should be remembered, that in the delineation of certain characters, if the author adhere to nature and real life, he cannot avoid trespassing upon the rules of delicacy and decorum. Smollett's taste for ridicule and satire being so remarkably prevalent, he was not scrupulously nice in the choice of his characters, nor delicate in his delineation of them. For instance, the dialogue between *Pipes* and the hedge-nymph is too gross, but it is certainly characteristic, and such language as might naturally be supposed to issue from the mouths of such people. There are other indelicacies which can only be justified upon the same principle; yet with all its imperfections, this novel possesses great merit, far (as is well observed by a judicious critic) exceeding the modern productions of frivolous fashion and sickly sentiment, which load the shelves of our libraries, and teach nonsense and iniquity to our wives and daughters.

His *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* and *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, are pleasing and interesting novels, though not so high in the estimation of the judicious as *Roderic Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. There are manifest proofs of invention, character, composition, and contrivances, in both these works, but many situations are described in them which are rather improbable, and some characters are drawn, which if not altogether unexampled, do not accord with modern manners, and therefore should not be introduced in a piece where the scenes are laid in modern times.

The History of Count Fathom, if not very probable, is highly pleasing; and if in some instances it is indelicate, it is

not in any immoral. The design is evidently to detect imposture, guard the unwary against fraudulent practices, and instruct the ignorant in the knowledge of mankind; but the leading characters are delineated in so odious a light, as must be disgusting to our feelings, as well as shocking to humanity. A virtuous character indeed is opposed to relieve the mind from the contemplation of a series of profligate objects, and by affording an opportunity of viewing them in contrast, produces a good moral effect. But, as is very justly observed by a commentator on Smollett's novels, 'the advantage of introducing vicious and profligate characters into a moral production, by way of exposing them to shame and ridicule, may be reasonably doubted; for a series of crimes and follies may give a mind untutored by experience, an insight into vice, which the good moral drawn from them may not prevent being put in practice.' But it must be confessed to the honour of our author, that in many parts of this novel he has closely imitated the style and manner of Le Sage, and worked up the scenes with wonderful skill and contrivance, so as to produce the most striking effect.

The *History of Sir Launcelot Greaves* though the hint is borrowed from Don Quixote, and the story is improbable, has much originality in the execution; there are in it many characters highly finished, and many strokes of genuine humour. Some actors in the scene are too frequently introduced, and particularly *Captain Crowe*, whose appearance is thereby rendered disgusting; but the novel is written upon the whole with that spirit, point, and humour, which are the leading features of his productions in this branch of literature.

His *Adventures of an Atom* is rather a novel in form than in substance. The circumstances are true in the main, though exaggerated occasionally by the flights of fancy, or obscured by the clouds of prejudice. Having portrayed the characters of the great men who contended for the administration of the government of *Japan* (England) he states his design of giving 'a plain narration of historical incidents without pretending to philosophize like *Hume*, or dogmatize like *Smollett*. But prejudice, notwithstanding this seeming profession of partiality, never appeared more glaringly than in this work, in which the whig party are treated with the most rancorous asperity, and the most dignified characters traduced in terms of the most opprobrious obloquy. This work

work is written with his usual energy and felicity of expression, and displays in many parts of it a combination of profound learning and genuine humour, happily adapted to excel in ludicrous composition.

Much commendation is due to his *Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, in which he has avoided the objections that have been made to *Count Fathom* and *Launcelot Greaves*. This work consists of a series of letters by different persons, written in the style and manner of Richardson. The characters are natural, and the situations probable. It exhibits many useful and important lessons applicable to the ordinary departments of life. It is equal in spirit and vigour to any of his other novels, and is evidently the production of a mind stored with experimental knowledge, as the result of long and minute observation. It abounds with situations truly comic, as well as genuine humour, blends instruction with entertainment, and will therefore be a work always in request. We shall close our account of Smollett, as a novelist, with the following remarks of a judicious critic, often quoted in the course of these memoirs.

‘A very obvious similitude,’ (says that writer), ‘is observable between the three heroes of Smollett’s chief productions. *Roderic Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Matthew Bramble*, are all brothers of the same family. The same satiric, cynical dispositions; the same generosity and benevolence, are the distinguishing and characteristic features of all three; but they are far from being servile copies or imitations of each other. He seems to have described his own character in the different stages and situations of life.

‘*Roderic Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, are undoubtedly efforts of genius and fancy, which rival the masterly productions of the moral, the sublime, the pathetic, but tiresome, Richardson with all his profound and accurate knowledge of the various workings of the human heart; and the ingenious, the humorous, but diffuse Fielding, with all his wit, learning, and knowledge of mankind. That Fielding frequently displays a thorough acquaintance with nature, and that innumerable passages may be pointed out in Richardson, which do equal credit to the goodness of his heart, and the depth of his understanding cannot be denied; yet after perusing the wire-drawn pages of “*Pamela*, *Clarissa* and *Grandison*, or the common place introductory discussion and diffusive narrative of Joseph

Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones and Amelia;" we never quit them with so much reluctance as we feel in closing the pages of Smollett, who with less regularity of fable, and without introducing so much of what may be called fine writing, possesses in an eminent degree, the art of rousing our feelings, and fixing the attention of his readers."

As a *Journalist of Travels*, our author it must be acknowledged has exposed the weak side of human nature in discovering much petulance, illiberality and some degree of spleen. This error or foible has been palliated by his friends, who have imputed his want of candour to the effects of a mind oppressed by many disappointments and domestic calamities. As a philosopher he should not in his writings have been affected by these impressions; but as a man, and a man of feeling, he may be pardoned for indulging a vein of sarcasm on a world of which he deserved so much, and received so little.

Notwithstanding these defects, the relation of his travels, upon the whole is entitled to commendation. It is founded upon experience, and contains the observations of a man of penetration and discernment, free from partiality, exhibiting a naked view of men, and things as they are. The design is good, being calculated to detect error, establish truth, correct false notions, and fix the standard of right and wrong, and shew mankind what they are and what they ought to be.

'I chiefly consulted,' says Lord Garderstone, in his *Travelling Memorandums*, 'Keyssler, Moore and Smollett. I was best pleased with my old and excellent friend Smollett. Testy and discontented as he is, he writes with perspicuity. His observations are generally sensible, and even his oddities are entertaining.'

From the great knowledge of men and manners, and the admirable display of the human passions our author exhibits in his other writings, it is natural to suppose he would have made a most respectable figure in the departments of the Drama. He possessed a fertile invention and a fund of humour, he was happy in delineating individual objects; but he seems to have mistaken his powers, when he attempted to group his characters for the business of the stage, and form a dramatic series of events; yet he is thought rather to have failed in his judgment than his genius.—His *Regicide*, though censured by the critics as undramatic,
in

in point of language, is animated, nervous and pathetic ; but the language of itself could not procure it admission on the stage ; and the piece afforded scope for the satirical genius of Churchill, as appears from the following lines in his *Apology to the Critical Reviewers.*

‘ Whoever read the *Regicide*, but swore
The author wrote as man ne’er wrote before,
Others for plots and under-plots may call.
Here’s the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can so often in his cause engage,
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage.
While horrors rise and tears spontaneous flow,
At tragic ha ! and no less tragic oh !
To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he ;
Too big for utterance, when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell.
But when these flowing tears must cease to flow.

Why—then the verse must speak again, you know.

If Smollett did not excel as a dramatist, he gave a proof of great comic powers in *The Reprisals, or the Tars of Old England*. The characters of a Frenchman, an Irishman, a Scotchman, and an English sailor, are as highly portrayed, and as finely distinguished as in any dramatic piece in the English language.

As a *Poet*, he is mentioned by a learned biographer with the greatest respect in the following terms—

‘ His poetical compositions are so excellent in their kind, as to make us regret that they are not more numerous. Lively, humourous, witty, elegant, pathetic and sublime ; happy and successful in whatever the universality of his genius prompted him to undertake ; his spirit, his sentiment, his language, are full of nature, enthusiasm and simplicity, and while a love of poetry remains among us, must always please the reader of taste and sensibility. The poems on occasional subjects, are marked with the different dispositions, which must have prevailed at different times of his life.” His poem entitled *Advice and Reproof*, though it evinces much political and literary prejudice, abounds with manly sentiment, poignant satire and elegant language.

His *Love Elegy* is elegantly plaintive, tender and pathetic. His *Tears of Scotland* is entitled to praise. The pathetic and the sublime are happily blended in this poem, and the following passage is exquisitely tender and beautiful.

The

The pious mother doom'd to death,
 Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
 Bereft of shelter, food and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend,
 And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

On his *Ode to Independence*, we shall give the following remarks and observations from the pen of a learned and judicious critic.

'His *Ode to Independence*,' says that writer, 'the greatest effort of his genius, ranks with the lyric compositions of *Dryden*, *Akenside*, *Collins* and *Gray*. It is written in the true spirit of lyric poetry. It is bold, various, ardent and impetuous. It abounds with animated sentiments, glowing images, and nervous and energetic expressions. The introduction is poetical, bold and nervous.—

Thy spirit Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

'The picture exhibited in these lines is striking, because the circumstances are happily chosen, briefly and distinctly delineated. It is sublime, because the images are few, and in themselves great and magnificent. The *lion heart and eagle eye* suggest an idea of the high spirit and commanding aspect of *Independence*, and the poet following with bosom bare, denotes, in a picturesque manner, the eagerness and enthusiasm of the victory. In a strain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic he rehearses its birth, education and qualities.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal *Liberty*, whose look sublime,

Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime!

"*Liberty*, according to the poet's acceptation, means the security of lives, and possessions and freedom from external force. *Independence* is of higher import and denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom which begets magnanimity, fortitude and becoming pride, which leads us to respect ourselves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. *Liberty* therefore is with perfect propriety, said to be the mother

ther of *Independence* and *Disdain* the father. Disdain arising from indignation against an oppressor, and triumph on having frustrated or escaped his malice. This stern personage is strongly characterized in the following description.

Of ample front, the portly chief appeared,
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest,
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.

' Men may enjoy liberty without independence; they may be secure in their persons and possessions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense of their freedom. But if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed, they feel the value of their condition; they are moved with indignation against their oppressors; they exert themselves, and if they are successful, or escape the danger that threatened, they triumph, they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by freedom; they applaud themselves for their exertions, become unanimous and independent. There is therefore, no less propriety in deducing the origin of *Independence* from *Disdain* and *Liberty* than fixing the æra of her birth. Our Saxon ancestors, free, simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and learned independence.

The education of *Independence* and the scene of his nativity, are suited to his illustrious lineage, and to the high achievements for which he was destined.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains;
Where, under covert of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.—
The mountain dryads seiz'd with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric muse caress'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.

' The imagery in these lines is soft and agreeable, the language smooth, and the versification harmonious.

' In the second antistrophe, he celebrates his heroic and beneficent actions, and returns at the end of the third strophe, to acknowledge with gratitude, the power of *Independence* in preserving him untainted by the debasing influence of grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Animated with this reflection, and conscious of the dignity annexed to

an

an independent state of mind, he inveighs against those minions of fortune who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth and the parade of pageantry.

In fortune's car behold the minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress.
 So moves the sumpter mule in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
 And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring.
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene;
 And Nature still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on ev'ry scene
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

‘ These lines embellished by fancy and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the invective of truth and honest indignation.’

The last antistrophe has an air of softness, benignity, and mildness, that leaves a very pleasing effect on the mind of the reader, animated with sentiments of public virtue, glowing with self-approbation, and fired with all the ardour and enthusiasm of the poet.

His *Ode to Leven Water* discovers delicacy of sentiment joined to simplicity of taste; the images are pastoral and pleasing, and the versification correct and harmonious. He celebrates his native stream with all the elegant simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd.

This poem was sent as a present to a friend by an admirer of Smollett's productions, with the following recommendation :

“ Inclosed I send you the copy of a little *Ode* to the river *Leven*, by Dr. Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing. It is at least picturesque and accurately descriptive, if it has no other merit. There is an idea of truth in an agreeable landscape taken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display.”

This was the last publication our Author gave to the world.

ADVICE AND REPROOF :

TWO SATIRES.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1746 AND 1747.

—————*Sed podice levi*
Cæduntur tumidæ medico tidente Mariscæ.—————
O proceres ! censore opus est an haruspice nobis ?

JUVENAL.

—————*nam quis*
Peccanai finem posuit sibi ? quando recepit
Ejectum semel ateritâ de fronte ruborem ?

Ibid.

ADVICE :

A SATIRE.

POET—FRIEND.

POET.

ENOUGH, enough ; all this we knew before ;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor ;
And who so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast !
From the pale hag, O ! could I once break loose ; 5
Divorc'd, all hell should not re-tie the noose !
Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife,
Not Cope flies swifter lashing for his life ;
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

FRIEND.

Exert your talents ; nature, ever kind, 10
Enough for happiness, bestows on all ;
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small—
Why sleeps the Muse !—is there no room for praise,
When such bright constellations blaze ?
When sage Newcastle, abstinently great, 15
Neglects his food to cater for the state ;

Ver. 8. A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia ; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Ver. 15. Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
 So well rewards a genius like his own:
 Granville and Bath illustrious, need I name,
 For sober dignity, and spotless fame; 20
 Or Pitt, th' unshaken Abdiel yet unsung:
 Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Younge!

POET.

Th' advice is good; the question only, whether
 These names and virtues ever dwelt together?
 But what of that? the more the bard shall claim, 25
 Who can create as well as cherish fame.
 But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
 To rouse the engaged attention of the great;
 Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific hum,
 Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum; 30

Ver. 17. This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colley Cibber, Esq. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

Ver. 19. Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

Ver. 21. Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd—

Ver. 29. This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest: one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

Ver. 30. This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

ADVICE.

While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
 Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
 Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell ;
 Nor the gaunt growling janitor of hell.
 E'en Atticus, (so wills the voice of fate) 35
 Enshrines in clouded majesty, his state ;
 Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,
 Though priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
 Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
 And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe ? 40
 Bribe him, to feast my mute imploring eye,
 With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie !
 A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
 Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth ;
 While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day, 45
 And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away ;
 Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
 The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot ?
 Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state !
 Not one among the millions whom ye cheat, 50
 Who while he totters on the brink of woe,
 Dares, ere he falls, attempt the avenging blow !
 A steady blow ! his languid soul to feast ;
 And rid his country of one curie at least !

FRIEND.

What ? turn assassin ?

POET.

Let th' assassin bleed : 55
 My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
 'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
 Then leaves the wretch to misery, a prey ;
 Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
 And stabs the public, in her ruin'd son. 60

FRIEND.

Heav'ns how you rail, the man's consum'd by spite !
 If Lockman's fate attends you when you write ;
 Let prudence more propitious arts inspire ;
 The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.

Ver. 62. To be little read, and less approved.

Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd, 65
 And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
 Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
 And minister to him who serves a slave;
 Be sure you fasten on promotion's scale;
 E'en if you seize some footman by the tail: 70
 Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
 From the smirch'd scullion to the embrioder'd peer.
 Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides,
 Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
 Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame, 75
 The slave (perhaps) of some insatiate dame;
 But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
 A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;
 There shall he shine, with mingling honours bright,
 His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite; 80
 Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
 And grasp, in hope, a truncheon and a star:
 Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
 Bask at his ease, in some warm sinecure;
 His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary, 85
 Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary;
 Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance and pride,
 A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L——d:
 And won from kennels to th' impure embrace,
 Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace. 90

POET.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
 Who planted first that vice on British ground!
 A vice that spite of sense and nature reigns,
 And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
 Pollio! the pride of science and its shame, 95
 The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name!

Ver. 88. This child of dirt (to use a great author's expression) without any other quality than groveling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

Ver. 90. Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoe black; it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
 Th' indecent grotto, or polluted doom!
 There only may the spurious passion glow,
 Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow, 100
 Obscene with crimes avow'd, of ev'ry dye,
 Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:
 Let Chardin, with a chaplet round his head,
 The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead,
 "Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write, 105
 "And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
 Worthy to feel that appetite of fame
 Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
 Let Isis wail in murmurs as she runs,
 Her tempting fathers, and her yielding sons; 110
 While dullness screens the failings of the church,
 Nor leaves one sliding Rabbi in the lurch:
 Far other raptures let the breast contain,
 Where heaven-born taste and emulation reign.

FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone 115
 In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
 If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
 His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:
 And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
 A score of lacqueys fatten at his board: 120
 To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
 And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

Ver. 103. This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

Ver. 109. In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

Ver. 111. This is a decent and parental office, in which dullness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children; and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backwards to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
 Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
 But if an impious wretch, with frantic pride, 125
 Throws honour, truth, and decency, aside;
 If nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
 He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
 Th' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
 And fix the brand of infamy on vice. 130
 What, if arous'd at his imperious call,
 An hundred footsteps echo through his hall;
 And, on high columns rear'd, his lofty dome
 Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
 What, though whole hecatombs his crew regale, 135
 And each dependant slumbers o'er his ale;
 While the remains, through mouths unnumber'd past,
 Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
 Say, Friend, is it benevolence of soul,
 Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole? 140
 These sons of sloth, who by profusion thrive,
 His pride inveigled from the public hive:
 And numbers pine in solitary woe,
 Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.
 When silent misery assail'd his eyes, 145
 Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?
 Or his extensive charity pervade
 To those who languish in the barren shade,
 Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,
 The bootless talent warms the lonely breast? 150
 No! petrify'd by dullness and disdain,
 Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
 The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
 Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

FRIEND.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice, 155
 If his hand lib'ral owns thy merit's price.

POET.

Sooner in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
 Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—

What new resource ?

FRIEND.

A thousand yet remain

That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain :
These arts—are they beneath—beyond thy care ? 161

Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair :
Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie ;
All merit mock, all qualities depress, 165

Save those that grace th' excelling patroness
Trophies to her on others follies raise,
And, heard with joy, by defamation praise
To this collect each faculty of face,
And every feat perform of sly grimace ; 170

Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
The smutty joke ridiculously lewd,
And the loud laugh through all its changes rung,
Applaud th' abortive fallies of her tongue ;
Enroll'd a member in the sacred list 175

Soon shalt thou sharp in company at whist ;
Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
Priest of her love, and demon of her hate.

POET.

But say, what recompence for all this waste
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste ? 180
To shine confess'd her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I rose, low ridicule ?

Again shall Handel raise her laurel'd brow,
Again shall harmony with rapture glow ;
The spells dissolve, the combination breaks 185
And Punch no longer Frasi's rival squeaks.
Lo ! Russel falls a sacrifice to whim,
And starts amaz'd, in Newgate, from his dream :

Ver. 177. These are mysteries performed, like those of the Dea Bona, by females only ; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them : we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

Ver. 187. A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated

With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid,
And sees their favour like a vision fade ! 190

Is this, ye faithless syrens!—this the joy
To which your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
His mangled flesh devouring from the bone ;
Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye ! 195

Behold, inhuman hags ! your minion lie !
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you seduc'd, abandon'd, and undone !
Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,
My Muse with murders shall the town alarm ; 200
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And snarl like Guthrie for the public weal,
Than crawl an insect in a beldame's power,
And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well, enjoy that petulance of style, 205
And, like the envious adder, lick the file :
What, though success will not attend on all !
Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread ;
Each weakness, vice, and folly, yields thee bread ;

himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expence they had entailed upon him. He was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair ; till at last his generous patronesses, after much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

Ver. 199. These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

Ver. 206. This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy,

Would'st thou with prudent condescension strive 211
On the long settled terms of life to thrive.

POET.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother :
Turn usurer, o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood, 215
Or quack, to feed like fleas on human blood ?

FRIEND.

Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heiress steal—

POET.

Why not a purse ?

Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.

FRIEND.

How ? dread a mumbling bear without a claw ? 225
Nor this, nor that, is standard right or wrong,
Till minted by the mercenary tongue ;
And what is conscience but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the scenes of life ?
The wayward child of vanity and fear, 230
The peevish dam of poverty and care ;
Unnumbered woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude ungrateful guest.

POET.

Hail, sacred pow'r ! my glory and my guide !
Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide ; 235
Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul :
My soul serene amidst the storms shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain !

FRIEND.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve, 240
Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

POET.

No ;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend ;
And mortal rage, heroic courage, lend
To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow. 245

Ver. 240. This surely occasioned Churchill's
"Two proud to flatter, too sincere to lie."

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What diff'rence, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood
And him who sought the bosom of the wood?
Envenom'd calumny the first shall brand,
The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

250

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' inhospitable shore.

REPROOF:

A SATIRE.

POET.—FRIEND.

POET.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head!
I pant for silence e'en in this retreat—
Good Heaven! what demon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook,
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

5

POET.

An injur'd friend! who challenges the name?
If you, what title justifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'rest prop me, or your praise relieve?
Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong;
Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled strife,
Deflower'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?

10

15

Ver. 248, 249. This last line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

FRIEND.

No : but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Expos'd my private council to the town.

20

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose :
I grant I printed it for public use.

FRIEND.

Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen
That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due)
Ascribed the whole performance to a Jew.

25

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallow'd be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth !
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,
No penitent more mortify'd than I ;
Not e'en the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of Williamson.

30

FRIEND.

Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—
The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

POET.

What then ?

FRIEND.

Your own sarcastic verse unsay.
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

35

POET.

With all my soul :—th' imputed charge rehearse ;
I'll own my error and expunge my verse.
Come, come, howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run.
But lest the truth too naked should appear,
A robe of fable shall the goddess wear :
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
E'er man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves fierce rushing from the rocks,
Devour'd without control th' unguarded flocks :

40

45

Ver. 32. Governor of the Tower.

Ver. 34. Sir John Cope.

The sufferers crowding round the royal cave,
 Their monarch's pity and protection crave :
 Not that they wanted valour, force, or arms,
 To shield their lambs from danger and alarms ; 50
 A thousand rams, the champions of the fold,
 In strength of horn and patriot virtue bold,
 Engag'd in firm association stood,
 Their lives devoted to the public good :
 A warlike chieftain was their sole request, 55
 To marshal, guide, instruct and rule the rest :
 Their pray'r was heard, and by consent of all,
 A courtier ape appointed general.—
 He went, he led, arrang'd the battle stood,
 The savage foe came pouring like a flood, 60
 Then Pug, aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
 Nor deign'd in threescore miles to look behind ;
 While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
 And fall in slaughte'rd heaps upon the plain :
 The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short) 65
 With all his speed could not outrun report ;
 And, to appease the clamours of the nation,
 'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
 The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place ;
 All senior members of the horned race.— 70
 The wedder, goat, ram, elk, and ox, were there,
 And a grave hoary stag possess'd the chair.—
 Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began
 The culprit's conduct variously to scan.

Ver. 70. It is not to be wondered at that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it, consequently those supplied with horns bid rarest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army. But I observe that among the members of this court there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour ; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

At length the sage uprear'd his awful crest,
 And, pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd.—
 If age, that from this head its honours stole,
 Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
 But sacred wisdom with experience bought,
 While this weak frame decays, matures my thought ;
 Th' important issue of this grand debate 81
 May furnish precedent for your own fate ;
 Should ever fortune call you to repel
 The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—
 'Tis plain, you say, his excellence Sir Ape 90
 From the dire field accomplish'd an escape ;
 Alas ! our fellow subjects ne'er had bled,
 If ev'ry ram that fell like him had fled ;
 Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
 Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave. 85
 Let us then ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,
 And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.—
 Th' admiring court applauds the president,
 And Pug was clear'd by general consent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your scope, 95
 Mark'd, as you are, a flagrant misanthrope :
 Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
 Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall :
 Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
 Thy verse affords not one approving line.— 100

POET.

Hail, sacred themes ! the Muse's chief delight !
 O bring the darling objects to my sight !
 My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
 My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow !
 Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread, 105
 To crop unfading wreaths for William's head ;
 But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
 Must yield to Lockman's ode, and Hambury's song.

Ver. 108. Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—
Crassum unguentum, et sardo cum melle papaver.

Nor would th' enamour'd Muse neglect to pay
To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay ?

110

The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride and ornament!

Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain

The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.

Not e'en the pleasing task is left, to raise

115

A grateful monument to Barnard's praise ;

Else should the venerable patriot stand

Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.

The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue,

And bring fair virtue's triumph to the view !

120

Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,

From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot.

But, lo ! a swarm of harpies intervene,

To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene !

Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil, 125

Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle ;

Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck,

Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck ;

While griping Jasper glories in his prize, 129

Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

FRIEND.

Relaps'd again ! strange tendency to rail !

I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

Ver. 110. The Earl of Chesterfield.

Ver. 122. Daniel Mackercher, Esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

Ver. 126. A triumvirate of contractors, who scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

Ver. 129. A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of fifty per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamen's tickets.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
 What vices flourish still unprun'd by me:
 Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car, 135
 Displays his burnish'd front, and glitt'ring star;
 Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
 Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
 Behold the leering belle, carefs'd by all,
 Adorn each private feast and public ball; 140
 Where peers attentive listen and adore,
 And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
 At Peter's obsequies I sung no dirge;
 Nor has my satire yet supply'd a scourge
 For the vile tribes of usurer's and bites, 145
 Who sneak at Jonathan's, and swear at White's.
 Each low pursuit, and flighter folly bred
 Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
 Thrives uncontroll'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
 Nor feels the rigour of my chast'ning hand: 150
 While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
 By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
 I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
 And feast upon the terrors of his soul;
 The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep, 155
 That curse with hideous dreams the caitiff's sleep;
 Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,
 Which daily persecute his wretched life;
 With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
 That rack his bosom while the mail is read. 160
 Safe from the road, untainted by the school,
 A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
 While the young lordling struts in native pride,
 His party-coloured tutor by his side,

Ver. 139. A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

Ver. 143. Peter Waters, Esq. whose character is too well known to need description.

Ver. 164. Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than

Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care, 165
 Who to the brawny fire commits her heir.
 Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
 Let Rich, with dullness and devotion drunk,
 Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
 While his brain spues new monsters to the crowd; 170
 I see with joy the vaticide deplore
 An hell denouncing priest and sov'ring whore,
 Let every polish'd dame, and genial lord,
 Employ the social chair and venal board;
 Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run, 175
 The vague conundrum, and the prurient pun;
 While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
 The giggling minx half-chok'd behind her cards:
 These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem
 The motley spawn of ignorance and whim. 180
 Let pride conceive, and folly propagate,
 The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
 Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
 By this dishonour ceases to be shame:

themselves, I know not; but certain it is, that many people of
 fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty foot-
 man, with a particular command to keep master out of the
 stable.

Ver. 170. Monsters of absurdity.

" He look'd, and saw a sable forc'er rise,
 " Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
 " All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragon's glare,
 " And ten horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
 " Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
 " Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage and mirth,
 " A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 " Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Dunciad.

Ver. 174. This is no other than an empty chair, carried about
 with great formality to perform visits; by the help of which a
 decent correspondence is often maintained among people of
 fashion, many years together, without one personal interview,
 to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

Ibid. *Venal board.* Equally applicable to the dining and
 card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for
 what he has.

REPROOF.

This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawley's face, 57
 Gives Hawley praise, and Ingoldsbey disgrace, 185
 From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,
 A meddling, prating, blund'ring busy dunce!
 And may (should taste a little more decline)
 Transform the nation to a herd of swine. 190

FRIEND.

The fatal period hastens on apace!
 Nor will thy verse the obscene event disgrace;
 Thy flowers of poetry that smell so strong,
 The keenest appetites have loth'd the song;
 Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby and Chitty,
 And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city: 196
 While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
 Alike averse to censure or commend.

POET.

Peace to the gentle soul that could deny
 His invocated voice to fill the cry! 200
 And let me still the sentiment disdain
 Of him who never speaks but to arraign;
 The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
 Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:
 Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank, 205
 Though conscious of his own internal blank,
 His want of taste unwilling to betray,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
 With brow contracted hears each passage read,
 And often hums and shakes his empty head; 210
 Until some oracle ador'd pronounce
 The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
 Then in loud clamour echoes back the word,
 'Tis bold! insipid—soaring or absurd.
 These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry,
 That nibble round, I pity and defy. 216

Ver. 186. *Hawley.*] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

Ver. 195. A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimension.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then in every clime,
 Through the wild spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night:
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!

The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

35

40

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forfaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food and friend,
She views the shades of night descend :
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

45

While the warm blood bedews my viens,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.”

50

56

VERSES ON A YOUNG LADY

PLAYING ON A HARPSICHORD, AND SINGING.

WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire :
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away !

But had the nymph, possess'd with these,
Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please ;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth ;

5

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid ;
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

10

12

LOVE ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
 Monimia give my soul her wonted rest;
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call, 5
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
 Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower.

For me no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around, 10
 Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall, 15
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
 Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine:
 Then with a long farewell to love and care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign. 20

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
 Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie easy on my breast? 24

BURLESQUE ODE.*

WHERE wast thou, wittol ward, when hapless
 fate
 From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore;
 These pious arms essayed too late,
 To drive the dismal phantom from the door.

* Smollett, imagining himself ill-treated by Lord Lyttleton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack, 5
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days ;
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack !
Thy sorrels dragg'd thee, through the worst of ways !

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain,
Thy steps, though tended by the Cambrian maids ; 10
Nor the sweet environs of Drury-Lane ;
Nor dusty Pimlico's embow'ring shades ;
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
Beset with rowers dank ;
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny sons ;
Nor where to mix with offal, soil, and blood, 16
Steep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood ;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs :
Ill doth it now beseem,
That thou should'st doze and dream, 20
When death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.
Her lib'ral hand and sympathising breast
The brute creation kindly blest'd :
Where'er she trod, grimalkin purr'd around, 25
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd ;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose,
Did she glad sustenance refuse ;
The strutting cock she daily fed,
And turkey with his snout so red ; 30
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tom-tit or the wren ;
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind, 35
What comfort can I find ;
O best of grannams ! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad and funereal ray,
Oh ! woe is me ! alack ! and well-a-day ! 40

ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
 Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of grief forlorn:
 Thy glitt'ring colours gay, 5
 Around him mirth display:
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow, 10
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.
 Labour with thee forgets his pain, 15
 And aged poverty can smile with thee,
 If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
 The morning opes on high
 His universal eye; 20
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden shower,
 Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
 The brood obscene that own her gloomy sway 25
 Troop in her rear, and fly th' approaching morn.
 Pale shiv'ring ghosts that dread th' all-cheering light,
 Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral night.
 But whence the gladdening beam
 That pours his purple stream 30
 O'er the long prospect wide?
 'Tis mirth. I see her sit
 In majesty of light,
 With Laughter at her side.
 Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near, 35
 Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
 And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
 That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

SMOLLETS POEMS.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Soft sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hours,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod.



Inde page 63

Painted by T. Kirk and Engraved by W. Nutt

Fear not now affliction's power,
 Fear not now wild passion's rage,
 Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
 Safe the tardy hand of age.
 Now mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer,
 No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SOFT sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
 Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
 O listen from thy calm abode,
 And hither wave thy magic rod;
 Extend thy silent soothing sway,
 And charm the canker care away.
 Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
 Attended by an airy throng
 Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
 Such as adorn the wanton boy;
 Or to the monarch's fancy bring
 Delights that better suit a king;
 The glittering host, the groaning plan,
 The clang of arms, and victor's train;
 Nor should a milder vision please,
 Present the happy scenes of peace;
 Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
 Rich industry with toil embrown'd,
 Content with brow serenely gay,
 And genial art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love;
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain,
 Pure stream in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain my limpid source;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;

While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
 The springing trout in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel, and motled par.*
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And edges flower'd with eglantine.

15

20

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
 May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
 And lasses chaunting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale,
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry embrown'd with toil,
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

25

28

ODE TO BLUE-EY'D ANN.

WHEN the rough north forgets to howl,
 And ocean's billows cease to roll;
 When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
 And cold to Nova Zembla's lost!
 When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
 My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

5

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;
 Nor parching heats the dog-star bring;
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
 When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.

10

No more shall joy in hope be found;
 Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;
 Nor love's light god inhabit earth;
 Nor beauty give the passion birth;
 Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
 When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

15

*The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
 Inconstancy forgets to range;
 When lavish May no more shall bloom;
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
 When nature from her sphere shall start,
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

20

24

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
 Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal liberty, whose looks sublime,
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
 What time the iron-hearted Gaul
 With frantic superstition for his guide,
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
 The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:
 The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
 In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow;
 And red the stream began to flow:
 The vanquish'd were baptized with blood!

5

10

15

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
 From altars stain'd with human gore;
 And liberty his routed legions led
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
 There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lulled by the hoarse resounding main;
 When a bold savage past that way,
 Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
 Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
 The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest;

20

25

Ver. 26. Charlmagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick, king of Denmark.

The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
 He stopt. He gazed ; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms ; 30
 He seiz'd the advantage fate allow'd :
 And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

* STROPHE.

The curliu scream'd, the tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
 Old time exulted as he flew ; 35
 And independence saw the light.
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
 The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born— 40
 The mountain dryads seized with joy
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
 The Doric muse caress'd the favourite boy ;
 The hermit wisdom stor'd his opening mind:
 As rolling years matured his age. 45
 He flourished bold and sinewy as his fire ;
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he winged his way,
 And zealous roved from pole to pole, 50
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul,
 On desert isles it was he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where tyranny beheld amaz'd 55
 Fair freedom's temple where he mark'd her grave,
 He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
 To burst the Iberian's double chain ;
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain. 60

Ver. 53. Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

Ver. 59. The Low Countries were not only oppressed by

He, with the generous rustics, fate,
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd, 65
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamant shrine;
And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's wing; 70
And taught amidst the dreary waste
Th' all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould,
E'en now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore, 75
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold;
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise;
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies. 80

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,

grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

Ver. 62. Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 65. The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

Ver. 69. From the tyranny of Jenghis Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

Ver. 76. The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli, and his associates against the usurpations of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

To dazzle and seduce, there banners spread ;
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 While insolence his wrinkled front uprears, 85
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow ;
 And tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow ;
 Where ever-dimpling falsehood pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale professions froth ; 90
 And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils opprest,
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd pride, 95
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay ;
 And gingling bells fantastic folly ring ; 100
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene ;
 And nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baneful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts, 105
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell.
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
 There study shall with solitude recline ;
 And friendship pledge me to his fellow swains ; 110
 And toil and temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains :
 And fearless poverty shall guard the door ;
 And taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread ;
 And industry supply the humble store ; 115
 And sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed :
 White-mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night.
 And independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitius power ! my patron and my pride. 120

SONG.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
 On thy transcendant charms I gaze,
 My cautious soul essays in vain
 Her peace and freedom to maintain:
 Yet let that blooming form divine,
 Where grace and harmony combine,
 Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move,
 Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
 In all their pomp assail my view,
 Intent my bosom to subdue;
 My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
 Not all those charms shall force to yield.

5

10

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,
 I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd;
 That soul so sensibly sedate
 Amid the storms of froward fate!
 Thy genius active, strong, and clear,
 Thy wit sublime, though not severe,
 The social ardour void of art,
 That glows within thy candid heart;
 My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
 My resolution dies away,
 And ev'ry faculty oppress'd,
 Almighty love invades my breast!

15

20

24

SONG.

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain
 To count the April drops of rain,
 To sow in Afric's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
 False as the fowler's artful snare;
 Inconstant as the passing wind,
 As winter's dreary frost unkind.

5

She's such a miser too in love,
 Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;

10

Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

15

Ah! friend, 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and, I confess,
Those looks completely curse or bless.

20

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

24

SONG.

LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain,
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage not his love in that frenzy is shown;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.

6

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

12

SONG.

FROM the man whom I love though my heart I
disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;

5

A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks!
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

10

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather.
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SONG.

COME listen, ye students of ev'ry degree,
I sing of a wit and a tutor *perdie*,
A statesman profound, a critic immense,
In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense;
And yet of his talents though laudably vain,
His own family arts he could never attain.

5

His father intending his fortune to build,
In his youth would have taught him the trowel to wield,
But the mortar of discipline never would stick,
For his skull was secur'd by a facing of brick;
And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
The skill of his fire he could never attain.

10

His mother an housewife, neat, artful, and wise,
Renown'd for her delicate biscuit and pies,
Soon alter'd his studies, but flatt'ring his taste,
From the raising of wall to the rearing of paste;
But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,
The pye-making myst'ry he could ne'er attain.

15

Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen,
A jumble of both their professions I ween;
For when his own genius he ventur'd to trust,
His pies seem'd of brick, and his houses of crust,
Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not so vain,
Since your family arts you could never attain.

20

24

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Life of the Author,	5
Advice. A Satire,	41
Reproof. A Satire,	50
The Tears of Scotland. Written in the Year 1746,	58
Verfes on a Young Lady playing on a Harpfichord and Singing,	59
Love Elegy, in Imitation of Tibullus,	60
Burlefque Ode,	ib.
Ode to Mirth,	62
Ode to Sleep,	63
Ode to Leven Water,	ib.
Ode to Blue-Ey'd Ann,	64
Ode to Independence,	65
Songs,	69—71



Smollett, Tobias George,

The Poetical Works Of Tobias Smollett, M. D Containing His Satires,
Elegies, Odes, Songs, Ode To Independence, The Tears Of Scotland &c. &c. &
c

London [ca. 1800]

P.o.angl. 389

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10750247-6